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VANITY FAIR

Saturday, May 2,
1863.

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FOR

MAY, 1863.

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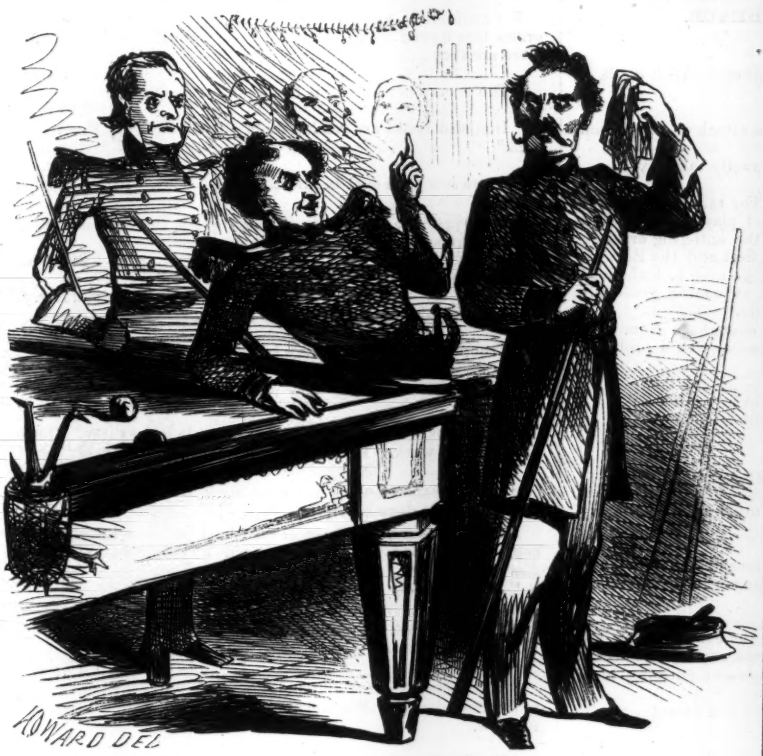


BILLIARDS AT THE SOUTH.

Jeff. Davis.—"I LIKE THIS ENGLISH GAME—IT SUITS MY CUE."
Beauregard.—"AH! TRUE: AND 'TWAS FROM ENGLAND YOU GOT YOUR CUE. SHE MADE YOU EMPEROR OF CHINA, YOU KNOW."

Yea! Verily!

"THE Philadelphia 'Copperheads,'
Quoth UNCLE SAMUEL to me,
"Are in a very shaky state,
As whoso reads 'THE BOOK' may see!"

"How so?" quoth I with mild surprise.
"Why, see you not how dire their need
Must be whose chief dependence lies,
As theirs, upon 'a broken REED'?"

Our View of It.

WE really don't see why such a fuss should be made about Sheriff LYNCH'S appointment of an auctioneer, seeing that HENRY WOOD is only a poor negro minstrel and HERTZ nobody.

LYNCH-LAW LATIN.—*Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius:* You can make an auctioneer out of any WOOD.

A Green-Room Anecdote.

THE evening after GRUBACRE'S drama of "We make our own Pies" was so cut up by the morning critics, the unfortunate author entered a well-known literary tavern, where he aired his pent-up feelings by breaking a looking-glass, several tumbers, the landlord's bald head, and the peace.

"Why, what's the matter with Grub?" asked a harmless person who happened to be by.

"Oh! nothing," replied a noxious person—"its only his Play."

"Where is Fancy Bred?"

THE "Southern Chivalry" are fond of boasting that they are the best bred people in the world, and yet they have lately had, at Richmond and elsewhere, the worst bread riots that ever the world heard of.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. I.

AIR—*Partant pour la Salt River.*

Arouse, brave comrades! Stir your stumps
Before it is too late:
Our foes have got the start of us—
The foes we truly hate!
Their "Loyal Leagues," the first we know,
Will do our business;
And who's to up and make a fuss
When *we* are in duress?

If things go on at such a rate,
The war men *must* succeed;
They'll *make* the peace we hoped to buy,
By Fall. They will, indeed!
And long before that time, and long
Before election-day,
We'll feel as though our only friends
Were very far away!

Why hadn't we the gift to see
How matters would turn out?
And when we saw the breezes change,
Why couldn't we put about?
Too smart for this. Behold the pass
To which we Swiss have come;
Despised by foes we would have served,
Hated by friends at home!

Arouse! Divide their swollen ranks!
Invent all sorts of lies!
Change front. Be warlike, fiery, brave!
At any rate, be wise!
And, if the worst comes, let us stem
Salt River's briny ooze;
And there, behind our works, we'll take
A Patriotic snooze!

INTERESTING TO CONTRACTORS.

THE verb "to contract," in all its moods and tenses, has probably never been on more severe and permanent duty than since the beginning of this great domestic difficulty of ours. It is a verb of large capacity, containing a great many meanings entirely foreign to shoddy, fodder, preserved meats and solidified fluids.

JONES meets SMITH, and with a patronizing smile asks him what he is doing, now?

"Contracting," replies SMITH, curtly,

"In what line?" inquires JONES.

"Debt," says SMITH.

Here ROBINSON, who is a punster by profession, which accounts for his lean and hungry look, makes a brief statement to the effect that of all things debt is about the only one that grows bigger the more you contract it. He then draws a lively parallel between the contractor and the constrictor. Both are slimy, both scaly, both mixed up with blankets, both moving in large circles, both addicted to pigeons, both capable of sucking eggs, neither of them spotless. In one respect, however, according to ROBINSON, the constrictor has the contractor on a string. The former gorges himself but once a month, while the latter no sooner gets through one gorge than he goes in for another, like a mule-driver upon a mountain range. These are subtle coïncidences, and they appiy well to the average army contractor, who is often a sutler.

A Sweet Thought.

THE word "sugar" is like the machinery by which it is made; it expresses the juice of the cane.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

OFF CHARLESTON, April eteth.

DEAR VANITY:—I have had an experience . . .

It is not my first.

Quite possibly, you may have heard of the attack on Charleston Harbor.

Between you and me, Fort Sumter is not exactly taken, yet . . .

But it will be.

It was on a cold stormy night in March. The rain blew and the wind fell. The sailors of the blockading fleet played old sledge; and kept perfectly sober, in consequence of the anti-grog arrangements lately made. Half-way between said fleet and the Battery, you know the Battery, at Charleston, where we used to loafe, long ago,) a young man might have been seen, swimming gracefully along with the tide, disguised as a green turtle.

This disguise enabled him to pass close enough to Sumter to count the guns and find the places where breaches would probably be made on the morrow.

The young man was me.

In a word, I swam from the *Acokuk* . . . or any other kuk . . . to the city, the night before the bombardment . . .

Upon my honor!

. . . And you know what that is.

I landed on the Battery, without having experienced any further inconvenience than getting wet by the explosion of four or five torpedoes, over which I carelessly disported my fragile but manly form.

A sentinel said, "Who goes there?"

Not wishing to create antagonistic relations at the outset, and considering the probable political views of the cuss, I remarked, in my most clarion tones:

"FERNANDY WUD!"

"Let the gong-jong strike, the trumpet to the cannon speak, the cannon to high heaven!" said he. "I welcome you in the name of the One-Horse Republic of South-Carolina, general outlying loose member of the Disjointed States.

"You be blowed," I observed, cheerily; "I don't want a public reception. If you love me, don't say a word."

"Have you any terbacker?"

"A few."

I drew a plug. He partook.

"Now then," I said; "there's going to be a Disunion Uprising, soonly, in the North. My Maryland is to be liberated, and things will be tolerable checkered. I've only come to see how you feel."

"I feel putty well. Not over-fed, you know; nyther with bread, whiskey, nor terbacker; but putty comfortable, considerin'."

"Not personally you, I don't mean, RHETT, and PICKENS, and such."

"O-o-o!" said he. "I see. I can give you letters of introduction to them. Air you a K. G. C.?"

Now I was once made Knight of the Gin Cocktail. (In fact, give me Cocktail enough, and I can always make a knight of it, even if I never did drink Fox's great "Ice-pick" Continental Cocktails,) and as the initials answered, I said boldly, "Yes."

"I knowed it," said he. "But first, give me the grip."

I gave him a grip around the waist, and threw him into the water.

That satisfied him.

"Wayward brother," he remarked, "depart in peace."

I departed.

At the best Hotel, I registered myself under the august name that I had given my bold sentinel. The people . . . such is their love for (some) Northern men . . . wished to get up in the middle of the night to give me an ovation.

I refused, with hauteur. I generally do.

"Twine me no gaudy Chaplet," I said. "If there is anything of the sort, let it be a Chap Let alone!"

With which, I went to bed.

I was awakened by a noise and a nigger.

The bombardment had begun!

Immediately after breakfast, RHETT, of the *Mercury*, and Governor PICKENS waited on me. Other scallywags waited on me *at* breakfast.

"We know your Honor's desire to live private here," said they, "so we will keep dark; but wouldn't you like to see the fight?"

"Mostly," I replied.

So I saw it, mostly.

I stood on the roof of the *Mercury* office, dear VANITY, in a proud but picturesque attitude, with my thewy arms folded upon my massive chest all the afternoon. A swart menial brought me cocktails at brief intervals.

For amusement and instruction combined, I intercepted the telegrams that flowed gently along the wires through a hole in the roof. Here are they:

"3 P. M.

"The enemy have fired his first shot. Fell short."

"3:10 P. M.

"Iron-clad lambs are coming up in profusion. They shoot pretty well."

"3:30 P. M.

"There is a good deal of shooting down here. Not much harm done."

At this juncture, I saw with a good glass, two of Sumter's embrasures knocked into a shapeless hole.

"3:45 P.M.

"No harm done yet. An iron-clad is sunk."

"3:50 P.M.

"No harm done. Another iron-clad sunk."

"4 P.M.

"Troops landing on MORRIS's Island."

"4:15 P.M.

"Two more iron-clads sunk. Fort Sumter hit once, partially."

"4:25 P.M.

"The Yankees shoot infernal straight. It looks rusty. Our torpedoes don't work. Four more iron-clads sunk, however."

"4:35 P.M.

"Eight of the enemy's iron-clads sunk, by one shot from Sumter. No harm done on either side."

At this juncture, I saw one of the island batteries knocked into a cocked hat by our iron-clads, but their ammunition evidently began to run short.

"Feed my Rams," said I.

"4:45 P.M.

"No harm done. Twelve more of the Yankee iron-clads sunk. You may announce a victory, in guarded terms."

"4:55 P.M.

"The enemy is out of ammunition, and is withdrawing. Proclaim a decided victory. We hope the fight will not be renewed to-morrow."

"5 P.M.

"The Yankees have fired their last shot. We think Fort Sumter can be rebuilt."

I stood all night on the roof, dear VANITY, awaiting the renewal of the combat, but in vain. At six o'clock the next morning, I intercepted the last dispatch.

"We sunk One of the Yankee iron-clads, in all, and are pretty sure we hit some others. It was lucky, however, that they carried no more ammunition. You may say that nobody was killed . . . . or only two or three, at most. This is reliable."

"Good bye, RHETT," said I; "good by, PICKENS. I feel tired, and want a bath."

I went down to the battery, and met my sentinel.

"How's your poor Fleet?" said he.

"How's your poor Fort?" said I.

I plunged into the briny wave once more, swam down to the blockading fleet amid showers of musketry, and instantly sat down in my wet clothes to assure you that Sumter is a ruin, that Charleston can be taken at the next high tide, and that I am

Yours, McARONE.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

THE precocity of American children is remarkable: it is also charming.

PYBUS has a little four-year-old, a powerful, athletic, dumpy ittle sing with the flaxenest hair and the azurest eyes ever seen. Little JACKY has a pewter squirt—a gift bestowed upon him by his fond grandmother against a rainy day. With this weapon he is very expert, and will steal away every drop of tea out of your cup before your face. Yesterday, his mother observed him trying the range of his piece from two cups—one filled with tea, the other with cocoa. Upon asking JACKY why he did so, says he, in reply, "You see, mar, I heard par say, yesterday, that cocoa goes twice as far as tea, and I'm just trying a forty-rod spiffick with both, to see whether the old man has got the hang of it."

Which of us would not gladly be father, or even grandmother, of such a four-year-old as that?

Popular Features.

CHIN, according to a "distinguished physiognomist" of modern times, has a good deal to do with character and success in life. So has "cheek."

BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

A Song, by Uncle Samuel's Nephew.

I.

THOUGH I wasn't born under the fog
That's saved Britain so oft from disaster,
And don't think an Englishman's dog
As good as a Yankee dog's master:
Though the laws of "Hold Hengland," to me
Are not "higher laws" over Creation;
Though I don't call Vic. "Queen of the Sea,"
Nor of anything else, save her Nation:
Yet I'm not a born fool, but can "guess"
Pretty sharp 'twixt Romance and Reality,
As my hearers mayhap will confess,
When I sing them of "British Neutrality."

II.

Since the days of that vicious old shrew,
"Good Queen Bess" called, in cockney narrations,
Four has never been square two and two
In Albion's exterior relations.
To give in detail every trick
That has dubbed her "Perfidious" for ages,
Would require a volume as thick
As poor Joel Barlow's broad pages:
So, the task I give up, in despair
Of recording her endless rascality,
And shall merely some items declare
About modern "British Neutrality."

III.

We know what a rumpus she made,
When a few of her "Blue Noses" 'listed
In our present most righteous crusade:
She was savagely loud and big-fisted!
But for one who for us wished to fight,
Full fifty fierce-whiskered Beef-eaters
She let Garibaldi—*invite*
To wallop the Austrian *Reiters*,
While to protests of Kaiser and Pope
She answered, with impartiality (?)
"That they daren't accuse *her*, she should hope,
Of a breach of her promised 'Neutrality!'"

IV.

Now, she's playing a similar game
On ourselves, (though the stake is far bigger,)
With greased palms and "stocked" cards, just the same,
And her favorite dodge of "re-nigger."
She hears our complaints with a grin,
While she *cottons* her ears to the clamors
Of our ravaged marine, and the din
Of her buccaneer ship-builders' hammers!
Serene in her councils of State,
She cries, with a mock joviality:
"Dearest Brother, your ire abate!
We are keeping the strictest 'Neutrality!'"

V.

There's a point where resistance begins!
Shall we still suffer England to drain us
Of honor and wealth, while she grins
Double-faced from her temple of Janus?
It's high time, I think, that we ought
Once for all to bestow a good lesson,
And teach her *we* are not "the sort"
She can "jerk" her old tricks of "Queen Bess" on!
Let her see that we all "twig" her "lay"—
For us, Romance; for Rebels, Reality!
And we're not to be humbugged to-day
With her "Buncombe" of "British Neutrality!

THE ORIGINAL COPPERHEAD.

Although Copperheads, as a political sect, are of very recent date, readers of romance will recollect that the first Copperhead of whom we have any documentary evidence was the creation of Cervantes. When the doughty knight-errant, Don Quixote, was hard up for a head-piece, his constructive mind suggested to him the possibility of adapting one out of a copper basin belonging to his barber. With this utensil strapped firmly on his head, he performed great feats of valor, and would probably have succeeded in performing more had he not been brought up all standing by a pugilistic wind-mill, which battered his copper head to such effect with blows put straight out from the shoulder, that he could not come to time after the third round, but sank, dead beat, into the arms of his faithful bottle-holder, Sancho Panza, who at once threw up the sponge, and Wind-mill was declared the winner. It might be well for our Copperhead here to take warning from his great prototype. True that the former professes to be a man of peace, and wears his barber's basin as meekly as the Quaker does his shovel hat. But there are wind-mills that will not see it in that light. A wind-mill without arms is an anomaly, *vi et armis* having been the family motto of the wind-mill from all time; and the copper-pated man of peace may find that his head is not worth much if he gets it into contact with a Union mill.

THE COPPERHEAD PLATFORM.

By dint of much exertion and great enterprise, one of Our Young Men has succeeded in compiling the following true and reliable statement of the principles professed by the new party. He has had his hair cut, and is doing well on low diet, since. In case our readers should wish to know more, it is not impossible that Mr. Mahoney, and (hic) Saulsbury of Delaware, may be able to communicate. Here is the platform, "so far as heard from."

I.—The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it might, could, would, should or shouldn't have been.

II.—An armistice of twelve years, for deliberation.

III.—The Union, at all hazards.

IV.—A new Confederation of States, comprising all but New-England.

V.—A vigorous persecution of the War.

VI.—The peaceful departure of our wayward sisters.

VII.—A military dictatorship for some man who is "coming."

VIII.—An armistice and alliance of one year, to enable the belligerents to capture Canada.

IX.—Unconditional restauration of the Union.

X.—A request for mediation from France and England.

XI.—A Commission appointed from North and South, without cessation of hostilities.

XII.—Resignation of the present Administration, and appointment of a provisional Assembly instead.

XIII.—The Union forever.

XIV.—Abolition of Anti-slavery.

XV.—Vigorous procrastination of the War.

XVI.—Repeal of the Sunday liquor law.

XVII.—The integrity of the Habeas Corpus.

XVIII.—The Union before the Nigger.

XIX.—Speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

XX.—The Union.

RILLA REE.

I.

MERRILY danced the river down the hill,
Singing "rilla rilla rilla ree,"
I wandered with it till I neared the mill
Where the pond reflects translucently.

II.

A hideous object there obscured my view—
An ape-like Ism that affects the land—
Its ugly physiog at once I knew,
Secessionism of the bloody hand.

III.

The hoary monster genuflected, slow,
Its image in the mirror-wave to see,
And as it looked it shouted "Here's a Go—"
"Rilla!" went the river, "rilla ree!"

REMINISCENCES OF THE WATER-CURE.

UNCLE LIJAH TRIES THE WATER-CURE TREATMENT: HIS FIRST TERRIBLE ORDEAL—THE PACK.

Motto for Recreant Knights.

WE have read, of late, occasional announcements of the dismissal of officers from the army for cowardice. To refrain from any harder censure upon the unfortunate young men who are liable to the little weakness in question, we will only suggest that they will find a very appropriate motto for their shields in the refrain to Byron's "Maid of Athens"—"*Zoe mou sas agapo*"—My Life I love thee!

WON'T WASH IN MEXICO.—The French Yoke Shirt.

Something New about P. T. B.

IT is not generally known that Mr. BARNUM has a great deal of talent for the histrionic art, but we can assure our readers that such is the fact. In spasmodic ejaculation he is excelled by few. When taking leave of his Indian Chiefs a few days ago, for instance, the great *impresario* smote his forehead with effusion, and exclaimed: "Leave me to me Arrapahoes!"—which is precisely the pronunciation given by the Greatest American Tragedian to the dulcet dissyllable "repose."

"The hard, cold World."

THERE is something about the *World* newspaper that reminds one of a particular kind of billiard-table—MARBLE down upon WOOD.

Cut for Cut.

EUROPEAN papers dwell with grimness on the fact that the Polish revolutionists have scythes for weapons in their army.

Well, what of that? Haven't we SICKLES in ours?

OILY GAMMON.

OUT of the new commercial article known as petroleum, or rock o[il], there arise a great many questions, which are too puzzling, however, to be asked all at once. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, f[or] the present, to a very few.

One of the differences between Grease and Oil is that while the f[or]mer, in this day's market reports, is quoted at ten cents per pound, t[he] latter has in all ages, been quoted as the only perfect tranquiller of troubled waters. How about Rock oil, though, in this connection? "Rocked in the cradle of the Deep" is a noble song, but it does not contain a suggestion of smooth water.

Is it safe for speculators to launch their barks upon rock oil? To our way of thinking it is not. Rock oil may yet be the rock upon which many a speculator will split and go to pieces. "Founded upon a rock" is a good recommendation with regard to a house; but it is to be feared that "Foundered upon rock" will too often be the verdict on the rash speculators who are wildly embarking upon the waves of petroleum.

We know that the islands in the Greek Archipelago are mostly of a bold and rocky character. Would it be too much to say, then, that the "Isles of Greece" should be classed as petroleum? These Rocky Isles could hardly have a better term applied to them.

The other questions connected with this subject will keep; we shall not ask them to-day.

The best Dodge, yet.

HERE is something good from the West; there is an omen of success in it: it is dated from Murfreesboro, April 21, and we hope it is true.

"General DODGE, commanding at Corinth, has routed the enemy, after a section, driving them from Bear Creek to Crane Creek."

After the failure of so many special dodges to outflank the foe, it is gratifying to know that one General DODGE has been attended with success.

THE REVERSE OF THE FABLE.

A TIT-BIT OFFERED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

AMONG a flock of Geese, once grew—
The fable runs—a gosling lone,
Whose speech no learned Gander knew,
Nor would a Goose the foundling own;
Till, some months passed, when, lo! the bird one day
Spreading a Swan's broad wings, majestic soared away!

In Massachusetts, t'other day,
This fable's quaint reverse occurred:
Amid a flock of grave and gay
In council met, appeared a bird
Yclept a SWAN, by its fond parents ruse:
But whose first speech, alas! at once proclaimed it Goose!

U. S. N.

"Well, I'm Blowed!"

"WHAT'S in the wind, now?" asked an American gentleman in London, the other day, of a friend.

"Four trunks of my wife's and six band-boxes," was the reply. "I have just despatched them to her by the Pneumatic Tubes."

Rum and Reason.

WE read in the shipping reports of the arrival of the bark *St. Juan* from the West Indies, with a cargo of 362 casks of rum and 40 barrels of resin.

Perhaps the large quantity of rum on board, in this case, accounts for the small quantity of Resin.

PARADOXICAL.—That the Dummy engine should be making so much talk among the horse-car men.

Not According to the Constitution.

Mr. Copperhead.—I KNOW MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE, JUST AS WELL AS YOU DO. IF YOU WANT TO SAVE IT PLAY ON IT FROM THE OUTSIDE AS MUCH AS YOU CHOOSE, BUT I DENY YOUR RIGHT TO ENTER WITHOUT MY PERMISSION: MY HOUSE IS MY CASTLE, AND ANY ATTEMPT TO ENTER IT BY FORCE IS CLEARLY UN-CON-STI-TU-TION-AL.

A GRIEVANCE OF GREAT PEOPLE.

It is the penalty of renown that its handwriting is sought after by obscurity, and its *carte de-visite* coveted by snobbery. Only a short time ago, General Winfield Scott was obliged to publish a card which was quite the reverse of a *carte-de-visite*—unless, indeed, it might be described in photographic phrase as one of the latter printed in negative. The venerable warrior's card contained a request that the lion-hunters would let him rest a little. Rheumatism in the right hand prevents him from devoting his time exclusively to the manufacture of autographs, so that the numerous persons of both sexes to whom eminent superscriptions are as necessary as anti-bilious pills, will have to take such as they can get and be thankful.

With that zeal for the public service by which the present writer flatters himself that he has always been distinguished, he proposes to mitigate, somewhat, the loss sustained by lion-hunters in the suspension of General Scott's autograph by offering his own for distribution, upon easy terms. The writer of this paragraph has hitherto been content to aid the cause of humanity and art by forwarding his autograph and *carte-de-visite*, gratis, to such correspondents as applied for them in terms sufficiently flattering to his personal gifts and accomplishments, and with the proper postage-stamps enclosed. But all that is changed, now. It was with melancholy dissatisfaction that the writer of this paragraph learned this very morning from his landlady, that in putting up a sandwich for him, as usual, it also occurred to her to put up his rent, to the amount of an additional dollar a week. "All along of the way things is riz," was her excuse for doing so. Future applicants, then, for the honors which the writer of this paragraph is proud to think are personal to him, will have the goodness to enclose ten cents in postal currency for his autograph, and twenty-five for his photograph. His lithograph, also, can be had for fifty cents, sent on a roller by mail; and there are other graphs of him in preparation, of which due notice will be given.

THE CIVILIAN'S COMPLAINT, AND THE SOLDIER'S ANSWER.

CIVILIAN:

Soldier! in such an hour—
When clouds of ruin lower,
And from the North
The cry goes forth,
Advance! advance! advance!
When now all vainly try
The weakened enemy
To hide their state
So desperate
From our sagacious glance—
Why does our army thus ignobly rest,
And hear those shouts of victory from the West?

Shall it be said it fears
The foe who still appears
Where late it fought,
And glory sought,
But fought, alas! in vain?
Shall it be said, The fire
Which could its heart inspire
But yesterday,
Has burned away
And cannot blaze again?
For shame! Rebuke the unworthy imputation:
Advance! and save the credit of the nation!

While you are waiting there,
Persistent, fell despair
Seeks with his dart
Columbia's heart,
And Ruin's shadow moves!
Our foes take fresher hope,
Their skies of promise ope—
And Recognition
And proud position
More than a fond dream proves.
And you lie still and see signs in the sky,
And put your warning dreams and visions by!

SOLDIER:

Civilian! say no more!
Nor these reproaches pour!
You little know
Who slander so
The soldier's heart and mind!
Not less than you, he longs
To right the country's wrongs;
And he would fight
By day and night;
To death would be resigned:
But think what means a forward movement now!
Deplore the truth—and to it, with him, bow!

The searching storm, the cold,
Have found the strong and bold—
No brick walls stout
Have kept them out—
And many have they struck!
The rains have loosed the soil
And man's extremest toil,
Could hardly move
(As trials prove)
Our cannon through the muck!
Our foe again awaits, in strength superior,
Our entrance to that circle's dread interior!

Our late chief's self-distrust
(In a chief it *ever* must!)
Had, like the season—
And for like reason—
Dispensed a mortal chill;
And, oft, ill-omened news
Gave half of us the blues:
But soon our steel
Shall death-blows deal
To the rebels on the hill.
Fighting Joe Hooker shall our ranks deploy!
And these complaints shall all be turned to joy!

GOING THROUGH THE MILL.

Late accounts from Richmond foreshadow destitution at the South from approaching scarcity of food. Millers complain that their flour is impressed by military officers, without legal authority. A butcher who remonstrated with a squad of starving rebels for appropriating a quantity of his beef and mutton—butchers are apt to be stiff about their joints—soon found himself in business on his own hook, to which he was hitched up by the affronted conscripts; and a certain fishmonger at Mobile, an Englishman, swore before a magistrate that he had to take to his 'eels to escape from the shells thrown into his back-room by a party who came to sack his hoysters. Grocers were loud in their complaints of similar maraudings. One said that the conscripts not only stole his coffee, but made rye mouths when they drank it, as if it were a spurious article. A sausage-maker at Charleston, lodged a complaint against a sergeant-major for whistling away his sausages, to which the soldier brought a cross charge relating to the loss of a favorite dog. All the Southern papers teem with reports of bread, bacon, butter, onion, cabbage and whiskey riots, every one of which is described as headed by a tall, dark, melodramatic looking lady with a stove-pipe hat on, and a "Derringer" for a brooch. By-and-by we shall hear of band-box and *moire-antique* riots, if women *will* insist upon being furnished gratis with the necessaries of life. Little children at the South are smeared over with aloes and asafœtida every morning, now, to prevent stray conscripts from eating them; and even the sacred turkey-buzzard, heretofore protected by the umbrella of the law, has to descend from his ornithological position as a vulture, and is classed among the Pies. "Sow corn! Sow corn!" is the refrain, now, of the Southern death-song, which is whittling it rather fine, we guess, for folk who lately sowed the whirlwind, and may expect, in due course, to reap the storm.

The Premium on Lead.

UNTIL we read the following announcement under the head of "Government Contracts," we were not aware that lead had as yet taken its position as one of the precious metals:

"E. D. WILLIAMS & Co. offer to furnish Williams's bullets at $62.50 per pound."

In all our sharpest (rifle) practice, we never remember lead having taken such a long range as this. Each bullet, assuming an average rate of twenty to the pound, would cost about $3.10, so that, including cost of powder and wear and tear of metal, you could not shoot your man with one of them for much less than four dollars. Thus is the influence of this unnatural war already beginning to tell upon us, and there is no saying what we may not have to pay for our luxuries by-and-by.

ILLUSTRATION.

Opinions of The Undersigned.

I AM quite sick of the style of illustrative art that is becoming, or has become so fearfully prevalent of late. I think that FRANK LESLIE, and the HARPERS, and the *New-York Illustrated News* man—I don't know his other name—have a deal to answer for. Every thing must be illustrated, now-a-days, or it will not sell; and as every thing is not capable of illustration by pictures, it often happens that the letter-press and the high art have little or nothing in common. In a word, the pictures will fit one story as well as another.

For instance, I read a novel lately, illustrated in the modern manner. There wasn't a picturesque effect described in the whole book, but some artist had been paid to make drawings for it, so there they were—drawings of well-dressed and amiable-looking folks, sitting comfortably in chairs, or standing amicably in streets, and all doing nothing. A modern novel, we may suppose, contains some passage like this:

"During CHARLES'S absence with his regiment, LAURA was quite inconsolable, and found respite from her poignant loneliness, only when communicating her thoughts to him in long and frequent letters."

Immediately, the good-natured artist, finding that he must have a picture out of every twelve pages, and having no battle-scene or other circumstance of interest to represent, gives us

LAURA WRITING TO CHARLES.

Now this is all very well, but it might just as appropriately be CLEOPATRA writing to MARK ANTONY, in an ancient history, or Mrs. VALLANDIGHAM writing to her husband in Congress, for a modern one. It is simply commonplace, and would do as well for any other woman writing to any other man, as for LAURA writing to CHARLES.

Yet we can not always give terrific and sublime scenes, every twelve pages, for the convenience of the artist. To be sure, NED BUNTLINE makes his heroes constantly cut people in two, like sausages, with a bowie-knife; but all writers have not Mr. BUNTLINE'S sanguinary fancy, and sausage-meat, as a persistent element of light literature, becomes monotonous.

Then let the artists inaugurate something new. If the writer throws no startling scenes into his work, why should not the artist do so instead; even as Mr. FORREST, finding no rant in SHAKSPEARE, introduces it—and much of it—upon his own responsibility.

I am now engaged on a novel, with illustrations of the sort that I suggest. It is a fortunate thing for me, that I have enough artistic knowledge to illustrate my own work, for no one that I know, could find the exciting subjects that I find in this comparatively mild-drawn romance of every-day life. Let me explain.

It is beyond the power of the merely human mind, to keep the word and the spirit of any writing exactly together. Verbiage of the smoothest sort may enfold the most racking thought. The Marsellaise Hymn, as a collection of sounds, is less exciting than ADRIAN'S delicious

"Animula, vagula, blandula,"

yet who denies the weakness of the latter's meaning, compared with the former?

Very well! As an artist, illustrating my own novel, I seize upon the startling, the picturesque, the extraordinary *in the words*, and illustrate them. A few quotations, with the pictures appended, will explain my meaning, even to the dullest mind—say that of a Copperhead Senator.

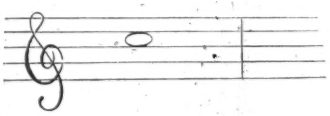
(EXTRACT.)

"CHARLES stood alone, in gloomy meditation. LAURA was far away, and all Nature frowned. A ray of intelligence at length illumined his sombre visage, and he heaved a deep sigh.

"'Shall I never more behold thee; never hear thy winning voice again?' he cried, clenching his hands and

DRIVING HIS NAILS INTO HIS PALMS

as he spoke. Echo did not immediately reply, and the young man lapsed into a melancholy silence, unbroken by



A SINGLE SOUND.

* * * * * * * * * *

LAURA was more lovely than ever, and CHARLES, delighted by her return, hastened to testify, in a thousand ways, his unfailing admiration of her beauty and worth. One day, when they were alone, he took occasion to renew the vows he had made her in the smoke-house.

"I give thee all, I can no more," he remarked, "though poor the offering be."

"Dont mention it," she said, and

A BLUSH ROSE

to her girlish cheek.

CHARLES immediately divined that something was wrong. Her voice had a strange effect upon him, at that moment, and her agitation was very apparent. He determined to know the worst, if necessary, so

CASTING HIS EYES TOWARD HIS BELOVED,

he demanded to know what had transpired during her absence.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Ha!" cried CHARLES, as he wildly emptied the absinthe-bottle into his glass and poured off the contents at

A DRAUGHT;

"let me die, if I cannot live. Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder! LAURA, thou wert fair, but false as fair! Thus perish all who cross my pa-ha-ha-ath!"

He swooned.

On his recovery, his gay companions endeavored vainly to rouse him into the state of hilarity in which they were accustomed to see him. He was sad, and that was

THE LONG AND THE SHORT

of the matter, so he refused to linger with the gay and flippant throng, but saluting the more important guests present, he bowed coldly, and,

TURNING ON HIS HEEL,

left the room.

Arriving at home, he called his groom.

"Saddle my grey," said he, "and ride to Indiana as fast as you can. Deliver this letter to the Governor, and wait for an answer. Be quick, or you perish. If in time, this purse shall be yours!"

The groom took the letter, and started

OFF LIKE LIGHTNING.

But I have given enough of my romance and its illustrations to show what I mean. If the artists do not seize upon the idea now, it will be for want of imaginative power.

For me, the only difficulty is an *embarras de richesses*; the words suggest too many pictures, and it requires vigorous self-denial upon my part, to prevent me from illustrating every sentence. That this idea must ultimately prevail, as the only just method of combining art and authorship, is the firm Opinion of The Undersigned.

Turning the Tables.

AMONG the bills lately reported in the State Legislature, we notice one "for the exemption of household furniture from seizure."

Of course the Spiritualists will put in their opposition to this. How could they expect to make a living if there was a law passed to prevent furniture from being seized and possessed by spirits.

"Penny Wise," etc.

THE redoubtable *Alabama, née* "290," is described as being "fitted with a pair of very powerful engines, by PENN, of London."

In her case, then, it may well be said that the PENN is more powerful than the sword. England ever lends her Pen to the South.

A Victory in Train.

IT is announced that "A signal train for General ROSECRANS has just been forwarded West from Philadelphia."

Now then, let us hope that General ROSECRANS will Signalize himself ere long, and gain an important victory.